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CENTENNIAL ORATIONS

DELIVERED BY

HON. HIRAM L. RICHMOND

AND

REV. A. B. HYDE, D. D.,

AT MEADVILLE, PENN'A,

JULY 4th, 1876.

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CENTENNIAL ORATION,

Delivered in Meadville July 4th, 1876, by Hon. Hiram L. Richmond.

Ladies and Gentlemen—Men and Women of America:—I rejoice with exceeding and great joy, that it is my privilege to meet you on this memorial occasion. I rejoice that you and I have lived to greet this our centennial birthday as a nation. We keep a festival to-day such as has never before occurred in the history of our race, with perhaps one exception. In 1788, England, our mother country, celebrated the centennial of her deliverance from the tyranny of the Stuarts. And it is an interesting fact that on that occasion Robert Burns, the peasant-poet of Scotland, casting his keen vision through the years far into the future, made the prophetic declaration that, as they were then celebrating their deliverance from the tyranny of the Stuarts—so we, the American people, just acknowledged victors in our long revolutionary struggle, would, in 1876, celebrate our deliverance from British bondage and thraldom. All over this broad land of ours, from imperial cities down to the rudest hamlets amid our mountain fastnesses, our people are found to-day gathered on public grounds, or in their churches, or in the bosom of their grand old forests, rendering praise to Almighty God for his great and exceeding goodness to us as a nation. This is proper, and as it should be; for the belief in a God from whom every good thing cometh, and to whom we shall all have to account for the deeds done in the body, and a firm faith in the truths of our holy Christianity, constitute the very corner-stone upon which all our institutions rest. This gives to them their beauty, their strength, their grandeur and their permanence.

Lord Bacon has said that "every great event in the past had its presage or prognostic." No great moral or political revolution has ever occurred in human history that did not have its forecasting shadow, apprising of its approach, and whose coming was not foretold—sometimes centuries before the event transpired. A learned and able writer has said: "Human affairs make themselves—they grow out of each other, and thus it is that they happen as they have happened, with but little variation." And the good Book tells us that "the thing that hath been,—it is that which shall be;—and that which is done is that which shall be done." By studying closely the history of men gathered into societies, and the logical sequence of events as they flow on in the current of human affairs—now smoothly and quietly—anon boisterously and storm-tossed—the wise and philosophic statesman is enabled sometimes to foretell the future in the life of a people, the rise or the fall of a nation or an empire, with amazing accuracy. During the progress of the French Revolution Lord Mansfield was asked how and when he thought it would end? His lordship replied: "It is an event without precedent, and therefore without prognostic."

Perhaps there is no country in the world with regard to which prognostics and predictions have been more plentiful than our own. Away back in the bygone centuries, wise men, statesmen, philosophers and poets, looked on through the ages and predicted our coming, and our greatness.—sometimes almost with the certainty and precision with which past events are described by the historian. Near two thousand years ago Seneca wrote: "There shall come a time, in future ages, when Ocean shall relax his chains, and a vast continent appear, and a pilot shall find new worlds, and Thule shall be no more Earth's bounds." Now, who was that pilot? and what those new worlds? Bacon calls the verses from which this wonderful passage is taken, "a prophecy of the discovery of America." In 1492 the event transpired towards which the prediction of the ancient poet and philosopher pointed. Columbus sailed on his adventurous voyage, America was discovered, and a new and a vast continent was given to the world and to civilization.

Almost immediately after the discovery of America emigration to her shores commenced. The people of the old world, driven from the homes of their childhood by the relentless tyranny which oppressed them, sought refuge and relief amidst the wilds and solitudes of the new. Let it be remembered that these men were neither escaped convicts nor Botany Bay colonists. There was no imperious necessity compelling them to flee the mother country. The larger proportion of them were from the industrial middle classes of the old world,

and came voluntary exiles for conscience sake. It was not so much tyranny over their persons and possessions they sought to escape, as it was tyranny over free thought and speech, over mind and soul, conscience and convictions. To escape this tyranny they fled from comfortable homes and the graves of their fathers, thousands of miles away, to a land of forests and interminable woods, where white man had never set his foot. As one of the old chroniclers of the New England Pilgrims says: "For being now passed the vast ocean, and a sea of trouble before them in expectation, they had now no friends to welcome them, no inns to entertain or refresh them, no houses, or much less towns to repair unto for succor—what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, filled with wild beasts and wilder men?"

The colonies were settled in a religious age, under circumstances the best possible, calculated to develop the idea of the natural equality of all men. If I may classify them according to their nationality, or their social or religious preferences, they were—the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, the Germans and Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Swedes of New Jersey and Delaware, the English Roman Catholics in Maryland, the Churchmen in Virginia, the non-Conformists in North Carolina, and the Huguenots in South Carolina. These all had the one great purpose in view in abandoning their native land and seeking new homes in an untried clime and an unexplored country, the enjoyment, in security and repose, of that liberty which they all felt to be equally the birthright of every human being, irrespective of color or nationality.

By right of discovery England claimed to hold all of North America, extending from the Atlantic coast indefinitely westward. To people this extensive region she adopted different methods. Sometimes she sent out a Governor of her own choice, who ruled a portion of the country in the name and under the immediate orders of the Crown. Sometimes grants of large and extensive territories were made by the Crown to an individual or Company, in which case all authority, civil and political, fell into the hands of one or more persons, who, under the supervision and control of the Crown, disposed of the lands and governed the colonists. There was still a third system, which consisted in allowing a certain number of emigrants to form themselves into a political association, under the protection of the mother country, and govern themselves as they pleased, so that they did not come in conflict with her laws. This system of colonization, so favorable to liberty, was peculiar to New England. Charles I. granted a charter of this kind, in 1628, to emigrants who colonized Massachusetts; and so, at later dates, to the other New England colonies. These did not deny the supremacy of the home Government, yet they did not derive their powers from it. They formed themselves into societies—made their own laws—but it was not until some forty years after that their existence was recognized by a royal charter from Charles II. It is difficult to discover in what consisted the authority of the home Government over the New England Colonists. The latter continually exercised all the rights of sovereignty, even to declaring war and making peace—the highest acts of a supreme power. They were abundantly able to govern themselves, and to be the founders of a great Empire. They were all from the better classes of their native country; scarcely one of them that could not read and write. Many of them were men of learning, who had been distinguished in the old country for their talents and virtues. Considering their number, they had a greater mass of talent than could be found in any European nation. They very appropriately styled themselves "Pilgrims," and, generally, belonged to that class of religionists whose austere lives and stern principles had got to themselves the name of "Puritans." Democratic principles of the most absolute character was an element in their religion. They had among them neither lords nor common people. Each man was the peer of every other man. Their notions of human rights and of the origin and proper sphere of governments were eminently republican, and spread to their neighbors, and were soon diffused through all the colonies. The early New England civilization has been compared to a beacon lit upon a hill, which, after it has spread its warmth immediately around it, also tinges the distant horizon with its glow.

Having survived their first fearful struggle with enemies that met them on every hand, the colonies increased rapidly in in wealth and population and in all the arts of civilized life. At the period of the great English Revolution in 1688, their population numbered about 200,000. The emigration of their fathers, though like the introduction of Christianity into Rome, but little noticed by cotemporary writers, was the most momentous event of the 17th century. They were to originate new theories of government, to achieve new victories in the great battle of human rights, and establish new institutions, popular and ele-

vating in their character—in short, to inaugurate a reform in government and in social life which was ultimately to change, materially, the entire structure of human society. The day of their great battle approached. As they grew in wealth and power and prestige, and began to attract more closely the attention of Europe, England began to look with covetous longings upon their increasing wealth and opulence. Her numerous wars had involved her in a heavy national debt, and she began to preach the doctrine that America ought to aid in lifting the load from her shoulders. Charles Townshend, one of her leading statesmen, said: "I would govern the Americans as subjects of Great Britain. I would restrain their trade and their manufactures, as subordinate to the mother country." So argued "Junius" in his celebrated letters. Hence the "Stamp Act," the "Act of Trade," the "Revenue Act," and others of like character, which gave such mortal offence to the Americans.

It was claimed by British statesmen who were not of the school of Chatham, and who then had control of the government, that Parliament had power to tax America; that taxation was an incident of legislation, and, therefore, to deny to Parliament the right to tax America was to deny to her all power to legislate for America. To this the colonies replied that legislation and representation, taxation and representation, are inseparable—that they could not be taxed by a body in which they were not represented—that in theory the colonies were independent of the British Parliament—that, being entitled to the freedom of Englishmen, no act of a body in which they were denied the right to be present by their representatives, could impose upon them any legal obligation whatever. And no doubt they were right. The principle, with us, is fundamental, is organic, and our fathers would not surrender it, or yield one jot or tittle to the British claim.

But one of the principal causes that precipitated the Revolution, and brought on the conflict of arms, was the blow struck by Parliament at the charter governments. The first was aimed at Massachusetts, by an act intended radically to change the Constitution of that province as it stood upon the charter of William and Mary, granted more than eighty years before. The act passed Parliament in 1774, and provided for an executive power of a character entirely different from that created by the charter, and so remodeled the judiciary as to give to the crown the appointment of their magistrates and judges, who were to hold their offices at its will. This new machinery was purposely designed to secure the more certain execution of the obnoxious acts of Parliament. The people who had been governed by their charter for nearly a century, looked upon it as a sacred compact between themselves and the crown, not to be changed or annulled without their consent. The colonies generally took the alarm, for this was the assertion of a power, by the parent government, to abrogate, at will, the charter of each and every one of them. Let it be remembered that at this period there had existed, for many years, in all the colonies, local legislatures, one branch of which was chosen by the people—was, indeed, the organ of the people, without whose consent no law could be passed, or was binding upon them. If the power claimed by Parliament was legitimate, or was for one moment admitted as legitimate, the very existence of these bodies was endangered. The English government could, at one fell swoop, strike from them all legal rights, save such as the Crown should be pleased, in its great condescension, to permit them to enjoy. To these enactments, to this assertion of an absolute power over them in all that related to their government, the Americans could not and would not submit. They loved the mother country, the land of their fathers. They hated to break the bonds that bound them to her. They remonstrated, they petitioned, but all to no purpose. The time had come, in the providence of God, when they must assert their rights and maintain them at whatever cost of blood and treasure, or live and die slaves. They did not hesitate to accept the gage, and prepare to meet the bloody ordeal, if it must come. Events hastened.

The battle of Lexington, the first battle of the Revolution, was fought on the 19th of April, 1775. Its effect upon the Colonies was electric. No man longer doubted. No true American longer hesitated as to his duty. A new light seemed to kindle all along the horizon, beautiful and brilliant, and flashing up into the heavens, as if to guide them on their sure way to victory and independence. Lord North's conciliatory resolutions, and lavish promises of favor which arrived the next day, were treated with deserved scorn and contempt. It was too late! The hour of reconciliation had wasted its last sand. The Rubicon was passed, and the battle cry "Liberty or Death," rang up from all the valleys, and was echoed from mountain top to mountain top throughout the land.

The news was received in England with amazement and dread alarm. The people were appalled, the ministry struck dumb, Britain was at war with herself. The mo-

ther was slaughtering her own offspring. Dartmouth began to awake from his dream of reconciliation. "The effect," said he, "of Gen. Gage's attempt at Concord is fatal. By that unfortunate event, the happy moment of advantage is lost." The French minister wrote to his government: "The Americans display, in their conduct, and even in their errors, more thought than enthusiasm. They have shown in succession that they know how to argue, how to negotiate, and how to fight." From that moment the people of England were convinced that the Americans could not be conquered, and that their independence must be conceded. They raised large sums of money "to be applied," they said, "to the relief of the widows, orphans and aged parents of our beloved American fellow subjects, who, faithful to the character of Englishmen, preferring death to slavery, were for that reason only inhumanly murdered by the King's troops at Lexington and Concord." On the day but one after the news of the battle reached England, John Wesley wrote his famous letter to Dartmouth and Lord North, in which he thus remonstrates against the course and policy of the government: "I am a high Churchman and the son of a high Churchman, bred up from my childhood in the highest notions of passive obedience and non-resistance; and yet, in spite of all my long-rooted prejudices, I cannot avoid thinking these an oppressed people, asking for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner, that the nature of the thing would allow. But barring this, I ask is it common sense to use force towards the Americans? Whatever has been affirmed, these men are not to be frightened, and they will not be conquered easily. Some of our valiant officers say two thousand men will clear America of the rebels. No, nor twenty thousand, be they rebels or not; nor perhaps treble that number. They are strong, they are valiant, they are one and all enthusiasts, enthusiasts for liberty, calm, deliberate enthusiasts. In a short time they will understand discipline as well as their assailants. But, you are informed, they are divided among themselves. So was poor Rehoboam informed concerning the Ten Tribes. So was Philip informed concerning the people of the Netherlands. No. They are terribly united. They think they are contending for their lives, their children and liberty. Their supplies are at hand. Ours are three thousands of miles off. Are we able to conquer the Americans, suppose they are left to themselves? We are not sure of this; nor are we sure that all our neighbors will stand stock still." Thus spoke John Wesley, when he felt it would be sin for him longer to be silent. Other strong men protested. The English heart was against the war. But what mattered it. The British Government had determined on the enslavement of the Colonies, and if they submitted, they were doomed forever and inevitably. Events freighted with the destiny of our race crowded on events. Battles were fought. Victories were lost and won. Every day made it more manifest that the bond which bound us in political dependence to the Fatherland must be severed. We were of age, and the hour had come when we must assert our full, free and independent manhood, and assume the duties and obligations it imposed. One hundred years ago this blessed day—and on Tuesday, the same day of the week—was issued, from Independence Hall, Philadelphia, that immortal instrument which made us free, the Declaration of American Independence. Within the sacred walls of that ancient, venerable building, the patriots, with John Hancock at their head, who composed the Congress of 1776, in number fifty-two, representing the thirteen Colonies, deliberated long and seriously. They knew well the hazards they run and the dangers they courted, that in signing and publishing this Great Charter of our liberties, they did an act which Parliament and the Court of King's Bench could find no difficulty in pronouncing and punishing as treason. With them failure was ruin, utter and irretrievable. Success, the achievement of their country's freedom: of a victory in which all humanity was interested. The Declaration having received its last signature was read from the balcony to the assembled multitude. Immediately the Old Bell suspended in the tower, bearing the prophetic inscription "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE LAND AND TO ALL THE PEOPLE THEREOF," rang out its triumphant peal—a proclamation of freedom to a new-born and emancipated nation.

The effect of the Declaration was to separate the Colonies from all allegiance to and political connection with the Mother Country. Henceforth they were a separate and distinct people, owing to each other only those duties and obligations which pertain to independent nations. The Colonies were converted into free and sovereign States. They might be conquered, devastated and enslaved. This or the full and final establishment of their independence and sovereignty were the only alternatives. More vigorous measures were adopted, more energy was infused into the government; the people, with more alacrity, flew to the rescue; and the war was

prosecuted with various fortunes until the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Victory rested upon our standards, and the peace of 1783 admitted us to the family of nations, on an equal footing with every other nation.

Peace, however, found us without a government of sufficient strength to preserve the harmony and secure the unity and stability of the States, whether considered as independent sovereignties or in their Federal relation. The Articles of Confederation, sufficient bond during the war, utterly failed of their purpose, now that peace was proclaimed. Their revision was necessary, or a new Constitution should be formed. For this purpose a Convention of all the States except Rhode Island met in Philadelphia in May, 1787. Never before in the world's history had it been known that the representatives of a great nation, chosen by the free action of large communities, had assembled for the purpose of amending, changing or forming anew its organic laws. Modern times furnish no precedent for such a proceeding—the ancient, no analogy. The men of the Convention were from the most illustrious in the land, and were highly distinguished for practical knowledge and public service. Franklin was among them. Washington was its President. It closed its labors in September, after a session of four months, and submitted to the people for their ratification our most excellent Constitution. The last signature having been fixed to the instrument, Doctor Franklin, pointing to a picture of the rising sun in rear of the Speaker's Chair, said, "Mr. President, painters have found it very difficult in their art to distinguish between a rising and a setting sun. Often and often during the proceedings of the Convention have I looked at that in rear of your seat, without being able to determine whether it were rising or setting; but now, Sir, I see it is a *rising* and not a setting sun." And most grandly and gloriously has it ascended higher and still higher towards the zenith, during the eighty-five years that have passed since the ratification of this great Federative Compact. Its perfection as a legal document constituting the organic, the fundamental laws of the "United States," is manifest from the fact that during all the eventful years of its rule over us as a people, no essential amendment has been required save those demanded by the results of our Civil War. And its strength and power to give to us unity, efficiency and irresistible energy in the hour of our most imminent peril was made still more strikingly manifest by the triumph it secured us in the results of a conflict the most terrible and appalling through which any nation was ever called to pass.

Fellow countrymen, this is our Centennial Year. We, as a nation, are one hundred years old to-day. What a history do those years present, not only in our own country, but in all the countries of the world. Since the days of our own deliverance from British bondage, the constant tendency of events in the old world has been to crush out Absolutism and elevate the masses, to recognize the manhood of man, the womanhood of woman. Doctor Richard Price, an able English Divine, writing immediately after the Revolution, and speaking of the probable benefits the world would derive therefrom, says: "Among other things, perhaps I do not go too far when I say that next to the introduction of Christianity among mankind the American Revolution may prove the most important step in the progressive course of human improvement." Past history proves the sagacity and truthfulness of the learned doctor's conceptions of the blessings which our success was destined to confer upon mankind.

One hundred years ago! Contrast our condition then with our condition now. Then we were but "Thirteen States" with two and a half millions of a population, scattered mainly along the Atlantic coast. Now we have thirty-eight Empire States forming one grand Confederacy, self-governed, extending from the Northern lakes to the Southern gulf, spanning this broad continent from ocean to ocean, and filled with 44,000,000 of the freest, the happiest, the best provided, the most independent people on earth, who, now at peace with all the world, are celebrating the one hundredth year of their national life, and thank God there is not a slave in all the land.

The fact which strikes the foreigner who visits the United States most forcibly, is the general equality of our people. This was aptly illustrated by an incident which occurred at the Centennial the other day. A noble German was standing on the platform looking over the vast multitude that surged and swayed like a sea before him. After gazing a while with absorbed interest "Why," said he, turning to an American friend, "where are your peasantry?" He missed the blouse, the wooden sandal, the cringing form, and humble look that told the presence of this class in the gatherings of his own country. "Where are our peasants," replied his American friend, "look again over that mass of human life, of men, women and children, all well dressed, all happy, all equally intent on seeing all they can. *They are our only peasantry.* They are from every walk of pro-

fessional and business life. We have no class distinctions here. We have here neither peers nor peasantry. All are on the same platform as to civil rights and privileges. The only distinction admitted among us is that which rests upon character and intelligence."

My countrymen, how grandly and beautifully did the year open upon us. The last minute of December had scarcely died away, when the whole land was aroused from its slumbers by the booming of cannon, the firing of guns, the ringing of bells, the blare of steam whistles, the beating of drums, and the roar and rattle of pyrotechnic preparations. Its first morning was illumed as with the smiles of a May morning. So soft and bland, with a sky of the purest blue, the whole day seemed one of June rather than January. And the winter that followed, out of mercy to the poor, forgot its chilling frosts, pinching winds, and rude storms of snow and sleet. And our population seems to have wakened up to a sense of religious duty and obligation. It is especially noticeable that the religious heart of the American people seems touched as with a live coal from the altar. The voice of prayer and praise is heard all over the land, as if in holy recognition of that Supreme Being who has been with us from the beginning, through all our eventful career, sometimes to punish, but far more frequently to prosper and bless.

The great event which will signalize the year above any other in human history will be the vast gathering of the people at Philadelphia on this, our one hundredth Independence Day, coming up from every quarter of the habitable globe. The nations of Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and of South America, and of Australia, and of the Isles of the Sea, will be there by their representatives, gathered with our own people in the very shadow of Independence Hall, to join in the Jubilee of American Independence and Universal Emancipation. What a history has the century written up for us! And now what of our future? Time will not permit me to dwell; but it is in Heaven's decrees that the entire continent and the isles of the adjacent seas will yet be ours; are to come under the governmental control, sharing equally with the older States, the power and protection of the Great Republic.

I cannot, my friends, let this memorable occasion pass without impressing upon your minds the great fact, which I fear we are too prone to forget, that it is because God has been with us, throughout all our eventful career, from the landing of the Pilgrims down to this glad hour, that we have been thus blessed and prospered above all the nations of the earth. If we wish to perpetuate our institutions, ever and always increasingly prosperous; if we wish that our children, when we are gone, shall enter upon a still grander heritage, our faith in a higher Power "who doeth all things well" must not cease. We must labor to preserve our holy Christianity in all its purity and perfections. As already intimated, we are essentially a Christian people. In all our great public acts, throughout our entire history we have, in various forms acknowledged a directing and overruling Providence, and sought aid from Him who inhabiteth eternity. Let us cleave to this, our ancient faith, with all the assurance of undoubted conviction, and all the trust of unfailing hope. And further, as aids to this, we must cherish, with tenderest care, our Common School system. Proffering to all a Christian education without denominational preferences, let us see to it that no profane hand disturbs the justice and equity of its administration. Ever keeping in mind our national motto, "In God We Trust"—in all things seeking only to advance the common good, we may rest assured that great things remain to be accomplished by us for humanity and the world. When the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed to the excited crowd from the balcony of the old State House, Boston, President Winthrop, of the Executive Council, uttered the fervent ejaculation, "God save the American States!" During all the century upon which we have now entered with so much of promise, may that ancestral prayer ascend, a morning and evening orison, from every hearthstone in the land.

ORATION OF PROF. A. B. HYDE AT THE PLANTING OF THE CENTENNIAL OAK.

The honored citizen whom I follow as speaker to-day, found his inspiration in the past, a past illustrious and secure. My part is to point you to the future.

He who plants a tree looks forward to future ages and plants for posterity. Poor, indeed, is the oak that does not outlive him who placed it. Often does it live beyond all memory of its planter, who is content to be forgotten if his tree may but stand and unfold itself in a large and copious vitality. They who are glad under its foliage or are cheered with its fruit, need not stop to ask for the nameless man to whom in the first instance they owe their pleasures. He lives in his tree, and, like Ossian's hero-shade, looks and smiles, himself invisible.

The life of a tree spans many generations of mortal men. At the beginning of our Era the men of Hebron gathered where

the sun was hot, under a giant oak which, they believed, was of Adam's own planting 4,000 years before! The mighty groves of California boasts its 1,500 years, a thousand years older than our modern world. Why may not our oak see a hundred years? At the crossing of Baldwin street and Park Avenue stands a centenarian oak, the noblest tree of our city, worth in a painter's eye a score of common trees. Alas! it is in the Avenue and meets the vulgar fate! "Cut it down! Why cumbereth it the ground?" Our tree is set where no improvement can improve it out of existence, in this sacred soil. After a hundred years may its huge roots feed wide and fat beneath these diamond sods, and its hundred arms will toss in the air so strong and kingly that, whether wrestling with the blasts of winter or swaying softly the green banners of summer, a future Moran will fain stop and secure it upon his canvass.

Our fathers planted Freedom's oak a hundred years ago, and to-day its roots take the moisture of both oceans. The beams of the far-traveling sun come early and stay late upon its foliage. From its sap are fed, like the mistletoe, many growths of beauty and blessing. It is still in its mighty youth with no dead branch or leaf. Its top is conspicuous abroad, and nations come to spend a summer day beneath its shade and learn to plant their oak.

We may almost reverse our rhetoric.

"When I remember," said a Spanish monk, showing the old Murillos of his Convent, "how many generations of its monks have looked at these pictures, I almost think that they are substance and we the shadows." So our liberty seems the real tree and this a suggestion, a fleeting fancy. Let us look eastward towards the future. Who does not feel a rosy flush as if his face were upon the morning? Not, indeed, a morning coming out of night, but another morn risen on midnoon! He is not old whose work is yet unfinished, and shall we think that this country will have finished its work in another hundred years? Three generations will hasten across it and leave it still young. Our city will even then be young. The College will look on the Court House, and the Court House will look on the Diamond, still blest with summer greenness beneath sun and rain. The College, enlarged and developed by generous patrons, will dispense to rising minds its gathered wealth, rich in all resources and manned by faithful men to whom life is duty and duty more than life. It will be thronged with faces on which can be read the rich purpose to win garlands of victory for the good, the true and the beautiful. From its seat richer in honored names than any Grecian grave, it will look upon the homes of our ancient families, upon parks, plains and hillsides and bright streams, and all over this ever beautiful contour will stately mansions rise. Around this Diamond will still be temples of Justice and Religion to repress the disorders of this life and inspire hopes of the life to come. The music of evening will rise upon the air, and life will have its joy after all now here have gone not to return, to the ever-growing confines of Greendale.

But of what sort will the people be who shall then walk these streets or stop beneath this tree? The nations this year come or send to see what people a hundred years of freedom have produced below. Shall the selfsame mould produce the selfsame men, or worse, or better? What will be the growth of still another hundred?

We have not degenerated. What officer of Continentals could have led his men more gallantly than our Capt. Myers, every inch a soldier? If, as the highest military personage in our city has said, we are to have three wars per century, how shall we be represented in the field and hospital of our future Gettysburg?

"Will then breathe that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they."

What will our city have done in the happier arts of peace? What men and women will it have reared as guides and benefactors to the race? The generations will eat and drink, will plant and build, will marry and be given in marriage. They will share the common lot, will obtain virtue and heaven upon the same unchanging terms, and should they gather here to list to the summer serenade, it will be beneath the moon that silvers these nights of ours. God grant them speed at least equal to our own, and let not His mercy thereafter fail!

The Laureate of England makes the chief character in a beautiful ballad, "The Talking Oak." It rehearses to a lover's ear in all the charms of song the reveries and the sweet ways of a fair rambler in whom of all the earth he was most concerned. Could we but use the poet's license! Could our oak at the close of its century murmur an intelligible language and speak of this day and of what will have intervened! What hearing would it gain! What applause of listening multitudes!

"Oh ever may thy green return
Old oak! we love thee well.
A thousand thanks for what we learn!
For age thy story tell!"

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